
Title: Treatise on Alchemy

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The alchemical arts are notable for their deceptive simplicity. 'Tis true that to our best knowledge currently, there are but eight valid potions that can be made (though I emphasize that new discoveries may always await). However, the delicate balance of confecting the potions is difficult indeed, and requires great skill.

To give thee an example of the simpler potions that can be created by those well-versed in the subtleties of alchemy:

Black pearl, that rare substance that is oft found lying unannounced upon the surface of the ground, when properly crushed with mortar and pestle, can yield a fine powder. Said powder in the proper proportions when mixed via the alchemical arts can yield a wonderfully refreshing drink.

The revolting blood moss so gingerly scraped off of windowsills by fastidious housewives is but a tiny cousin to the wilder version, which when properly

prepared yields a
magical liquid that for
a time can make the
imbiber a more agile
and dextrous
individual.

However, beware
of the deadly
nightshade, for it
yields a deceptively
sweet-tasting poison
that can prove highly
fatal to the drinker,
and in fact is also
used by assassins to
coat their blades.
Fortunately, this
latter art of poisoning
is little known!

There is much to
reward the student of
alchemy, indeed. The
rumours of longtime
alchemists losing
their hair and
acquiring an
unhealthy pallor, not
to mention unsightly
blotches upon their
once-fair skin, are
unhappily, true. Yet
the joys of the mind
make up for the
complete loss of
interest that others
may have in thee as
an object of
courtship, and I have
never regretted that
choice. Honestly,
truly. Not once.